

The Shelby News.

AMERICANS SHALL RULE AMERICA.

The Shelby News is the largest and cheapest newspaper in the country. It is published weekly, and is sold at \$25 per annum.

Terms—\$3 in advance; \$25, payable within six months after subscribing, at which time all subscriptions will be due and payable with interest.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2, 1856.

Scientific writers assert that the number of persons who have existed since the beginning of time amount to 36,627,843, 275,075,846.

The late law of the Virginia Legislature, to prevent negro stealing, provides that any free person concerned in the escape of a slave from that State shall be confined in the penitentiary for not less than five or more than ten years; the jury, at its discretion, may also condemn the offender to be publicly whipped, but not to the extent of thirty-nine lashes in any one day.

It is estimated that in the seventeen farnaces in Greenup, Lawrence and Carter counties, Ky., there is an average capital in each of \$65,000, making a total capital of \$1,105,000. They support an average population of 500, total 8,500—employ 1780 hands—consume 204,000 bushels of corn, 10,260 bushels of flour, and 50,000 pounds of bacon.

An American, a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, who recently went over to Rome, and became a priest, while his wife went into a convent, was so shocked by the abominations which he witnessed, and by the attempts made upon the virtue of his wife, that he withdrew from the Church and published an appeal to the world against its wickedness.

MATRIMONY IN KENTUCKY.—According to the registration reports prepared by Dr. SUTTON, there were, last year, 5,688 marriages in this State. Jefferson shows the greatest number of any one county, and McLean the least. The majority of matrimonial alliances were formed during the winter months—December taking the lead.

Most of the brides were between 16 and 20 years of age, and most of the grooms between 20 and 25. Two ladies married at 70 years— one girl at 12, and several under 15. Three hundred and forty-six boys under 20 years of age were married during the year.

Blackguard Executive.—Then HENRY A. WISE, Governor of Virginia, by virtue of the foreign vote and the permissive affixing dispensation of Providence, there is not a more consummate professor of Billingsgate in the United States of North America. Recently he has been seized with a desire to put specimens emanating from his brain, so prolific of new ideas and terms in obscenity and blackguardism.—Here are some of his latest efforts:

In the next Presidential canvass, there will be new issues presented by three parties—the white man's party, the Democrats; the black man's party, the Black Republicans; the mulatto party, the cross of Northern and Southern Know Nothing, the ticket of Messrs. Fillmore and Donelson. All our authors vacuums and monograms, and all do conscientious, conservative, and constitution-loving Whigs of Virginia. They can put up better with pure Africans—wool, fat nose, odor, skin and gizzard, foot and all—better than they can bear that cross of the Caucasian and Coffey which you call a—mulatto!

Yours truly and hastily,

HENRY A. WISE.

The above is extracted from a letter to the Washington Union. Here are two others, to the Richmond Enquirer:

To the Editor of the Enquirer:

RICHMOND, Va., March 11, 1856.

Gentlemen—I am obliged to you for publishing my letter of the 3d instant, to the Union, and I will be still more obliged if you will correct a typographic error of that paper, not yours. It printed the last sentence thus: "They can put up better with pure Africans—wool, fat nose, odor, skin and gizzard, foot and all," &c. It should read: "They can put up better with pure Africans—wool, fat nose, odor, skin and gizzard, foot and all," &c.

Yours truly,

HENRY A. WISE.

To the Editors of the Enquirer:

RICHMOND, Va., March 12, 1856.

Gentlemen—I regret to have to correct a correction. In my note to you of the 11th, I asked to have the word *ebon-skin* put for *ebon-skin*. In the Enquirer of this morning it reads *ebu-skin*. Don't Virginians at this day know what an *ebu-skin* is? Delays your mistakes to *Know-Nothing*.

Yours truly,

HENRY A. WISE.

No man with the essential qualities of disrepute in his disposition and feelings, can read the foregoing emanations from Mr. Wise without feeling that that man, though the Governor of Virginia, is an unmitigated blackguard; and that he and all who endorse the use of such language to political opponents—who have as much character and honor and respectability as any man in the nation dare assume,—are deserving of the scorn and contempt of every individual who appreciates the characteristics which constitute the gentleman. The "corrections" were merely intended by the Prince of Billingsgate, as a means of repeating and reiterating his shameless insult to the American party of Virginia and the nation. As the Richmond Whig justly says:

With the spirit of a petty despot and a petty blackguard combined, he is never so happy as when attempting to wound the feelings of his betters, or flinging dirt in the face of those who hold him in utter contempt. But he has at last descended below the level of the "pure African," whose "odor" is in his heart's delight. In short, he literally stinks in the nostrils of every high minded and honorable man in Virginia. We know the fact, that many, very many of the members of the Legislature were kept away from the supper to Speaker Crittenden, the other night, because he was an invited guest. He, with his "ebu-skin" and "gizzard-foot" associates, are not the persons in whose company gentlemen can descend to mingle.

Mr. Campbell, Chairman of that Committee, said the matter should be considered immediately. Adjourned to Monday.

Correspondence of The Shelby News.

LOUISVILLE, March 31, 1856.

To the Editor of the Shelby News:

DEAR SIR: You see by our prints, that the public officials of the city are getting into a very sharp and interesting controversy. Whilst the *outs* are desiring in slang and slander—loose, general and pointless, the *ins* are sending for persons and papers, and burrowing out the hidden evidences of chicanery and pecuniary pecuniaries on the part of illustrations predece- sors. I do not approve of an *exparte* judge of guilt or innocence; more especially do I condemn the practice of prejudging and proclaiming a party guilty, before a fair and impartial hearing. But when a party—*Sag-Nichts*—shamelessly and precipitately launch out against the American government of the city of Louisville, and charge them with constructive murder, arson, criminal neglect, extravagance, imbecility, and political corruption, my American heart seeths and heartily approves the measures destined to show that guilt—the *grali* of the crippled condition of the treasury, and the ill-repute, and disreputable state of the city government, is ascribable to the gross indecision or corruption of *Sag-Nichts*.

Public prints labor with an earnestness worthy a religious zeal, to prove that the city is doomed to perdition, and by such efforts and exhortations drive back population and her business, and then canting and hypocritically ascribe the pretended *exodus*, the imaginary decay, to the work of a City Council! A city is entitled to credit when she can stand up under the gross slanders and perversions of her own press. Well may her people rejoice at the forbearance of men abroad, who do not condemn her to the fate of Sodom. But the greatest forbearance we see, is that exercised by our merchants and other business men, who are contributing to the sustenance and support of those presses who are systematically engaged in an attempt to drag down our respectability, to detract from our business, by driving political *Sag-Nichts* to other points to purchase their goods, or invest their capital. Thanks to truth and an inevitable justice, their vindicative efforts have so far proved abortive.

The editor of the "Democrat" seems to have a peculiar and bitter hatred against civilized concentration. He seems to regard a collective community as so many men combined together for the purpose of defeating the will of his party. He seems to feel that cities, where intellect, business qualities, and intelligence are concentrated; and science, arts, and commerce are taught, and from which they are diffused, are hotbeds of Know-Nothingism; and the inhabitants thereof should be commanded to disperse,—first having the rioting act read to them. He writes article after article, in his paper, denunciatory of Frankfort; cursus and raves at her, and seems to have a malicious desire to consign her into everlasting perdition. He gloats with a malevolent Spanish assassin, over her misfortunes, and shouts himself hoarse in proclaiming that she owes it to him!

Well aware, that men who live in glass houses should not throw stones, for the double purpose of gratifying his insane propensity for breaking up civilization, and preserving his consistency, he turns upon his own city, and bites at her with the same passion and discretion a rat bites at a file. He preaches her funerals every three months, and seems so indignant with disappointment, that she "will not down in his bidding," and die, that he works himself up into a furious rage, and strikes her blow after blow, with all the force within his puissant arm. But every blow rebounds with more than double injury to the infatuate assailant.

It is truly gratifying, Mr. Editor, to see with what respect, confidence and regard the nomination of the American party is received. I do not think I ever knew an instance in the history of our government, when a man's political opponents treated him with such respectful consideration and evidences of personal esteem. It is true, that many of the pup brood, the shilling sheets, the lilliputian politicians and press, and the coffee-house and street-corner politicians, assail the nominees with fabricated tales, and follow them up with low scurrility and vulgar abuse. But the highly educated portion of the press, conducted by statesmen, and the statesmen of all callings of the administration party, generally accord to Mr. FILLMORE the credit due to his wise administration, and the possession of honesty, capability, conservatism and patriotism. There is a tone of respect pervading the opposition of all the respectable and dignified portion of the press who oppose Mr. FILLMORE, and a disposition, or rather, it may be, a compulsory determination, to yield him the honor due to an honest and faithful public servant. And at the same time that they vilify with serpents' tongues the tenets and principles of his party, they are constrained, from their own inclinations, or the impious demands of the voice of the nation, to treat his name with high regard. This is a subject of joyous congratulation with his friends,—one that should make them feel proud of their candidate; proud of their position; and of their noble champion that leads them in this first great struggle by Americans for the possession of the power of the government. If they are defeated, they will rest satisfied, that their cause was in the hands of a capable, faithful and worthy leader. If they are victorious, they will be confident of placing in power one to whom all parties can look with a confident reliance for a wise administration of the Government.

Reflecting upon these things,—our principles pure, patriotic, and truly American, and turning to view the position of our competitors for the helm of the nation, how well satisfied, how proud we should feel! Our position is that of a party seeking to drive out all tendencies to religious persecution, to place our people under the control of conservative natives, and for this purpose we vote for a man who has not had more than his peer since the days of WASHINGTON. On the other hand, those who oppose us, are the miserable factions, composed of roistering, raving, canting advocates of sectionalism, abolitionism, agrarianism, amalgamation and revolution—"Every thing for freedom is the blacks—nothing for the peaceful union of the government of the whites!"

This great centre of Americanism—the Waterloo of the foreigners and Catholics—is as it again with political excitement. The *Sag-Nichts*, well aware that a trial would be a defeat, hypocritically pretend that they cannot obtain a victory here, because violence would drive their party from the polls;—this quiet, orderly, law-abiding party, composed of foreigners and their supporters on the back, who conspired to shoot down innocent perambulators in the streets on the 8th of August, merely because they were guilty of being born on American soil, whiningly pretend that their high re-

gard for the law, their love of the safety and honor of the city, impels them to restrain from an effort to gain the power in the city government! Their acts at the last August election proves their love for law and order, and the continued denunciations of the city, as a mob-governed city, prove their love for it and interest in its prosperity. This is all canting hypocrisy. If they were possessed of the souls of brave freemen and patriots, they would sooner immolate at the polls, than suffer themselves to be deprived by force of from the right of suffrage. All their pleadings, prayers, standers and arguments, cannot lead or drive the people from the support of American principles and men; and they cover their disintegrate under a sham—a pretext, that their law-loving souls will not permit them to contend for a right!

KNOWS.

THE ARlington Bank, at Washington City, has failed. It was owned in Chicago.

JUSTICE.—Mr. BELL, the gentleman who was elected Sheriff of New Orleans by the American party, and who was illegally deprived of his seat by the *Sag-Nichts* Legis- lature, has been reelected by the Supreme Court of that State.

THE ladies of Princeton and Attica, Indiana, on Saturday last, visited all the establishments in those places where liquor was sold, and demolished all the bottles and casks containing the "unsulphurated" on which they could lay hands. The mobocratic vixens then uttered terrible threats against any one who would be so rash as to again offer liquor for sale in those parts.

FROM CALIFORNIA.—By the latest advices from California we have the following items:

The first section of 22 miles of the Sacramento City Railroad is completed.

The California Legislature passed a resolution deprecating the election of Mr. Banks to the speakership.

The Indians are committing depredations at the mouth of Rogue river. Twenty-four persons were murdered. February 23d a battle took place at Puget's sound between a party of friendly Indians and the Chickasaws.

The steamer Columbia was to leave San Francisco in a few days, with Gen. Wool and troops, for Rogue river. The Legislature of Oregon has sent a message to the President for the removal of Gen. Wool.

Eleven buildings were burnt at Sonora. Loss \$33,000.

A bill has been introduced in the California Legislature creating three new States out of California.

The markets are generally dull. Money is stringent. The receipts of gold dust are diminishing. Flour—Domestic and Oregon are selling at \$20-\$22. Hams 15c, lard 19c. Choice butter 36c. Whisky 75c.

MR. FILLMORE.—A Washington letter to the N. Y. Courier says that the latest advices received from Mr. Fillmore in this country, were dated at Rome in the month of February. He was then about to depart for Naples, and from that port would depart for Alexandria in Egypt. The Ex-President would probably then proceed from that place to Cairo and the Pyramids, and might thence continue his excursion to Jerusalem. If he set out on this route by the middle of February, it is expected that he would reach Tripoli upon his return, from the middle of April, to the 1st of May. It is not unlikely, therefore, that the first information of his nomination will reach Mr. Fillmore on his return to Europe, and, of course, that he will bring his response to this country in person.

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MR. FILLMORE.—A Washington letter to the N. Y. Courier says that the latest advices received from Mr. Fillmore



REWARD
Of Sales, in the Shelby News, and by bills
printed at the News Office.

AT PRIVATE SALE:
Farm of W. W. Parish. See Advertisement.
Judah W. Gill's very desirable Farm, near Clayville.
See advertisement.
A fine saddle and work horse. See advertisement
of J. G. Reed.
Add: and apply to T. W. Brown.

April 14. Sale of the farm belonging to the estate of
Col. P. Davis, deceased, by Commissioner Bo-
hannon. See advertisement.
April 16. The personal property of Dr. W. J. Mor-
ton. See advertisement.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Read all the cards under the head of Special
Notices.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Town Ordinances. Citizens are referred to the
ordinances passed by the Trustees on the 27th ult.

Repairing. See the advertisement of R. W.
Choate, who is prepared to repair all Watches, Clocks
and Jewelry.

Public Sale. W. J. Morton advertises his personal
property, blooded stock, etc. for sale on the 16th
instant. See advertisement.

Lumber. Jacob Smith & Co., Louisville, have a
fine lot of Lumber, etc. which they offer at low prices.

Furniture Store. N. B. Zaring has opened a Furni-
ture Warehouse, near the Court House, and on
hand, will keep a full assortment of fine Furni-
ture. See his advertisement.

Burial Cases and Caskets. N. B. Zaring is Agent
for the sale of Burial Metal Cases and Caskets; and
will keep on hand an assortment, at his Furniture
Warehouse. See his Card.

Our Correspondents.

The article of "N. F." on "Poetry and Civilization," is given on the first page of this issue.

We thank "Knoes" for his very interesting letter.

Our readers generally will like it. We hope to hear
from him often.

A poetical article from our fair correspondent
"JAMES" will appear next week.

A QUERY.—A friend at Frankfort promised us a
gossiping letter, to be mailed from the State Capital
every Saturday. We regret none have yet re-
ceived. Can he not screw up industry enough?

Acknowledgements.—To Senators JOHN J.
CRITTENDEN, S. ADAMS, of Missouri; JOHN M.
CLAYTON, of Delaware; and to Representative HUN-
TER MARSHALL, we are indebted for valuable and
interesting public documents. We are much indebted
to these gentlemen for their kindness.

To our Correspondents.—Recently we have
had forwarded from Shelbyville, Indiana, several
letters and documents directed to us, at that place,
by mistake. Two or three of the letters were of
considerable importance; and we mention the
correspondents may understand the delay of
replies.

And it may be, that other letters for us have been
directed to Shelbyville Tennessee, Illinois, Missouri,
etc. If so, we will thank the Postmaster at each of
those offices to forward them to this office.

Another American Paper.—We understand
that the friends of ANDREW MONROE, Esq., of Lou-
isville, are about making an arrangement to place
him in control of a new daily American paper in that
city. PRENTIS, is doing a patriot's service with his
"Journal," as much as anyone could do. But
there are now three papers of the Sag-Night and
anti-American order in Louisville, besides the Ger-
man paper; and no one can find room to say all
that should be said in response to the continued mis-
representations and attacks of those sheets upon the
American party. Besides, we think an American
city, with a population of 70,000, should well support
two American papers. Mr. MONROE, we know, is an
interesting writer, and cannot fail in making a most
interesting paper.

New Music.—We are indebted to Mr. JOHN
HALL, for the following pieces of music:

Jennie Fair and Bright. Song and Chorus;
Words by Mrs. Z. Webster; David P. Faulls, Louisville, Publisher.

Ambush! A Ballad; words by Alfred Burnett; music
by Valcolom; D. R. Faulls, Louisville, Publisher.

These are favorite pieces; and Mr. HALL,—who
is engaged in the music house of Mr. FAULLS, will
accept our thanks.

Literary Notices.

Godey's Lady's Book: Philadelphia; Mrs. Sarah
Jane Hale and L. A. Godey, Editors. Monthly;
\$3 per annum. L. A. Godey, Publisher.

We have received the April number of that popular
monthly. The engravings and contents are, as usual,
very fine and excellent.

We club The Shelby News and Godey's Lady's
Book for \$4 per annum, in advance.

Peterson's National Magazine: Philadelphia;

Mrs. Ann S. Stephens and Charles J. Peterson,
Editors; C. J. Peterson, Publisher; monthly; \$2
per annum.

The number for the current month is on our table,
richly embellished and well filled, with interesting
articles.

Home Magazine: Philadelphia; Miss Virginia F.
Townsend, and T. S. Arthur Editors; T. S. Arthur,
Publisher; monthly; \$2 per annum.

There is no periodical we receive more welcome-
ly than this; and we find the April number an exceed-
ingly good one.

Ciceronian Magazine: Georgetown, Ky.; H. C.
Kemper, T. J. Stevenson, and W. V. Johnson,
Editors; monthly; \$2 per annum; club of five and
over, \$1 50.

This month has been commenced by the Ciceronian
Society of Georgetown College. The profits
which may result from its publication will be ap-
propriated to young men desiring an education, but not
of themselves to defray their expenses while at
College. The first—March number—is well gotten
up; and speaks well for the talent of the Editors.

The City Architect: a series of Original Design-
es for Dwellings, Streets, and Buildings, adapt-
ed to the use of the Poor. Illustrated by
Plates of Elevation, Sections, Details, etc. By
Wm. H. Ranlett, author of "Cottage Architecture."
New York: De Witt & Davenport, Publishers.

Mr. RANLETT has acquired an enviable reputation
as the author of "Cottage Architecture"—a work
that is becoming the standard work on architecture
in this country. The "City Architect" is designed
for a guide and instructor in the erection of Town
Houses, Stores, Warehouses, and street architecture
generally. It is not a work treating on the Principles
of Architecture, merely, but one giving plain and
easily understood directions, so as to enable those
whose necessities require them to build with such
rapidity that they cannot stop to study principles,
and in places where they can seldom avail themselves
of professional assistance, to avoid the errors which are
so inevitable and so costly, so destructive to domes-
tic comfort, and often so ruinous to health. In a
country like ours, where villages and cities are sprin-
ging up like magic, a comprehensive and practical
work, like the "COTT. ARCHITECT" is designed to be
of great service. It is not to be, simply a collection of designs for showy house-fronts,
but a manual containing all the requisite information
and practical directions for building a city, from the
start. It will, of course, contain not only plans and
specifications for dwelling-houses, shops, stores, manu-
factories, lecture-rooms, academies, churches, the-
aters, court-houses, prisons, hotels, alms-houses, and
hospitals, but also instructions for paving, flagging,
constructing drains, culverts, docks, wharves, mills,
street-gutting, laying out of squares, parks, and public
grounds; and the fullest and most comprehensive
directions will be given for ventilating, heating, and
lighting all classes of buildings.

The work will be issued in twenty numbers, at 50
cents a number. Each number will be devoted to a
special object, and will be complete in itself.

Carpenters and others desiring to examine a num-
ber of the "City Architect" are requested to call at
The Shelby News office.

From the Isthmus.—Advices had reached
Panama that the Indians on the Atlantic
coast of Nicaragua had attacked San Diego
and burned it partly down.

Advices from Costa Rica state that Walk-
er has threatened to attack and destroy
Puntas Arenas. The government has sent
troops to defend the place. So have the
French and British Governments.

REWARD.—On Tuesday night, the 25th ult., our
citizens were alarmed by the cry of fire! The stables, cribs and wood-houses,
of Messrs. R. R. RUSSELL, S. VANNATTA
and Mrs. CARDWELL were destroyed.—
They were tolerably well supplied with
oats, hay, corn, etc., and the flames spread
very rapidly. But for the untiring efforts
and labor of the Relief Fire Company, as-
sisted by a number of citizens, a much lar-
ger number of stables, etc., would have
been destroyed; as also the dwelling-house
of Dr. S. C. WILSON; which would have in-
evitably been burnt, but for the most stren-
uous exertions.

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was discovered on fire. It soon communicated
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contents,—a large quantity of hay and
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It is reported from Washington that Col. J. W. FORNEY has been compelled
to retire from the Washington "Union,"

as he is strong enough to bear the
responsibility of being a candidate for the Presidency.

At the charter election in Vicksburg the
whole American ticket triumphed. Miles
C. Folkes was elected mayor.

Frankfort.—The "Commonwealth," is
very justly indignant at the uncalled for
assemblies, to render property in this will-
ing more secure from the ravages of fires. The
citizens want fixing; several new cisterns are
needed; more and better hose should be obtained;
and also another fire Engine. If the finances of the
town will not justify the outlay, at this moment, we
will assure the citizens enough who are willing
to advance their taxes, and donate a sufficient
sum.

Something will have to be done. Let every citizen
meet at the Court House at 3 o'clock this after-
noon.

WE learn from H. CHRISTOPHER, Esq., of the
National Telegraph, that REUBEN BROWN, was elect-
ed, at the special election held on Monday last, Presi-
ding Judge of the Franklin County Court, vice J.
C. HENDON, dec'd. Mr. B. ran as an old-line Whig.

The Davis Farm.—We are requested to state,
that on the Farm of Col. P. DAVIS, deceased, adver-
tised to be sold on the 14th instant, there is about 70
acres of wheat, and about 20 acres of rye; which
promise to make excellent crops. Also there are
about 50 acres of own-ground, broken up; and about
25 acres of oats.

Marble Work.—We had the pleasure of exam-
ining, last week, at the Marble Rooms of Mr. JAMES
FALCONER, in this place, some beautiful specimens
of Marble Work, embracing Monuments, Tablets,
Head and Foot Stones, &c. They are manufactured
from the purest American and Italian marbles, and
are well executed as any work of the kind we have
seen.

Mr. FALCONER is extensively engaged in manu-
facturing at Madison, Ia., and has opened a branch of
his establishment in this place. He will furnish any
thing in his line at as low prices as any in the
country.

BECKLEY'S EMINENCE LINE.

We understand that the friends of ANDREW MONROE, Esq., of Lou-
isville, are about making an arrangement to place
him in control of a new daily American paper in that
city. PRENTIS, is doing a patriot's service with his
"Journal," as much as anyone could do. But
there are now three papers of the Sag-Night and
anti-American order in Louisville, besides the Ger-
man paper; and no one can find room to say all
that should be said in response to the continued mis-
representations and attacks of those sheets upon the
American party. Besides, we think an American
city, with a population of 70,000, should well support
two American papers. Mr. MONROE, we know, is an
interesting writer, and cannot fail in making a most
interesting paper.

New Music.—We are indebted to Mr. JOHN
HALL, for the following pieces of music:

Jennie Fair and Bright. Song and Chorus;
Words by Mrs. Z. Webster; David P. Faulls, Louisville, Publisher.

Ambush! A Ballad; words by Alfred Burnett; music
by Valcolom; D. R. Faulls, Louisville, Publisher.

These are favorite pieces; and Mr. HALL,—who
is engaged in the music house of Mr. FAULLS, will
accept our thanks.

Literary Notices.

Godey's Lady's Book: Philadelphia; Mrs. Sarah
Jane Hale and L. A. Godey, Editors. Monthly;

\$3 per annum. L. A. Godey, Publisher.

We have received the April number of that popular
monthly. The engravings and contents are, as usual,
very fine and excellent.

We club The Shelby News and Godey's Lady's
Book for \$4 per annum, in advance.

Peterson's National Magazine: Philadelphia;

Mrs. Ann S. Stephens and Charles J. Peterson,
Editors; C. J. Peterson, Publisher; monthly; \$2
per annum.

The number for the current month is on our table,
richly embellished and well filled, with interesting
articles.

Home Magazine: Philadelphia; Miss Virginia F.
Townsend, and T. S. Arthur Editors; T. S. Arthur,
Publisher; monthly; \$2 per annum.

There is no periodical we receive more welcome-
ly than this; and we find the April number an exceed-
ingly good one.

Ciceronian Magazine: Georgetown, Ky.; H. C.
Kemper, T. J. Stevenson, and W. V. Johnson,
Editors; monthly; \$2 per annum; club of five and
over, \$1 50.

This month has been commenced by the Ciceronian
Society of Georgetown College. The profits
which may result from its publication will be ap-
propriated to young men desiring an education, but not
of themselves to defray their expenses while at
College. The first—March number—is well gotten
up; and speaks well for the talent of the Editors.

The City Architect: a series of Original Design-
es for Dwellings, Streets, and Buildings, adapt-
ed to the use of the Poor. Illustrated by
Plates of Elevation, Sections, Details, etc. By
Wm. H. Ranlett, author of "Cottage Architecture."
New York: De Witt & Davenport, Publishers.

Mr. RANLETT has acquired an enviable reputation
as the author of "Cottage Architecture"—a work
that is becoming the standard work on architecture
in this country. The "City Architect" is designed
for a guide and instructor in the erection of Town
Houses, Stores, Warehouses, and street architecture
generally. It is not a work treating on the Principles
of Architecture, merely, but one giving plain and
easily understood directions, so as to enable those
whose necessities require them to build with such
rapidity that they cannot stop to study principles,
and in places where they can seldom avail themselves
of professional assistance, to avoid the errors which are
so inevitable and so costly, so destructive to domes-
tic comfort, and often so ruinous to health. In a
country like ours, where villages and cities are sprin-
giving up like magic, a comprehensive and practical
work, like the "COTT. ARCHITECT" is designed to be
of great service. It is not to be, simply a collection of designs for showy house-fronts,
but a manual containing all the requisite information
and practical directions for building a city, from the
start. It will, of course, contain not only plans and
specifications for dwelling-houses, shops, stores, manu-
factories, lecture-rooms, academies, churches, the-
aters, court-houses, prisons, hotels, alms-houses, and
hospitals, but also instructions for paving, flagging,
constructing drains, culverts, docks, wharves, mills,
street-gutting, laying out of squares, parks, and public
grounds; and the fullest and most comprehensive
directions will be given for ventilating, heating, and
lighting all classes of buildings.

The work will be issued in twenty numbers, at 50
cents a number. Each number will be devoted to a
special object, and will be complete in itself.

Carpenters and others desiring to examine a num-
ber of the "City Architect" are requested to call at
The Shelby News office.

From the Isthmus.—Advices had reached
Panama that the Indians on the Atlantic
coast of Nicaragua had attacked San Diego
and burned it partly down.

Advices from Costa Rica state that Walk-
er has threatened to attack and destroy
Puntas Arenas. The government has sent
troops to defend the place. So have the
French and British Governments.

REWARD.—On Tuesday night, the 25th ult., our
citizens were alarmed by the cry of fire! The stables, cribs and wood-houses,
of Messrs. R. R. RUSSELL, S. VANNATTA
and Mrs. CARDWELL were destroyed.—
They were tolerably well supplied with
oats, hay, corn, etc., and the flames spread
very rapidly. But for the untiring efforts
and labor of the Relief Fire Company, as-
sisted by a number of citizens, a much lar-
ger number of stables, etc., would have
been destroyed; as also the dwelling-house
of Dr. S. C. WILSON; which would have in-
evitably been burnt, but for the most stren-
uous exertions.

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Beauty Everywhere—BY FREDERICK WRIGHT.

There is beauty in the skies,
When noon-day suns are bright,
It is beauty in their eyes
Thro' shadows of the night.
When worn with rosy blush is seen
To wake—there's beauty there,
And evening's golden clouds proclaim
We, too, of beauty there.

Old ocean's ever swelling tide,
The placid land still,
The stars rolling in their pride,
The moon's soft light.
The mountain-top, the verdant plain,
The desert rude and bare,
Attest, by varied scene,
That beauty dwelt there.

The opening buds of joyous spring,
Its choral hymns of praise,
The velvet bloom's summer's wing,
The soft, white clouds, day's
The autumn clad in russet shroud,
With treasures rich and rare,
Old hoary winter shrouds about,
There's dazzling beauty here.

There's beauty in the huts and huts,
Where sweet contentment dwells,
Slow science and knowledge call,
The scene of beauty's blithe,
With childhood's silken locks 'tis blest,
With manhood's proud career,
While age matures in virtue spent,
Both heavenly beauty share.

Miscellaneous.

From the True Flag.

THE STEP-MOTHER.

BY LAURA TRUMAN.

"Tis better to mourn o'er a pulseless form,
Than the wreck of a living soul."

It was in the midst of light and elegance, beautiful women and gallant men, music and dancing, with all their fascinating accompaniments, that I, an uninterested spectator, had my attention suddenly arrested by the look and tone of a lady who stood near me in the supper-room.—She was accompanied by a gentleman and a young girl, whose fragile beauty and her heavy misfortune made her a sacred object to all, for she was blind!—"blind as the blue skies after sunset."—A narrow band of black ribbon was bound closely over her eyes, and her golden curls lay unrestrained over her forehead.

The hostess was just urging Mrs. Percy to take a glass of wine; and it was her look of startled anguish and loathing, with the hasty exclamation—"God forbid!" which drew my attention more closely.—There was something in the looks of Mr. Percy, as his eyes fell on his wife and daughter, and in the yearning tenderness of the lady's manner towards Ellen, who repaid it with a fond dependence and veneration of expression, that assured me there was a sorrowful history connected with them. It was apparent in the air of chastened thoughtfulness which surrounded them—a sort of tender sanctity which comes only through much tribulation.

Since that evening I have learned their history, and here it is. The Reverend Jacob Deane was a clergyman of the old school—a meek, devout follower of his Master; and, though deeply learned in theological and classic lore, he yet centered all his ambition upon the spiritual and intellectual improvement of his little parish, imparting to them sound doctrine on Sundays, and on week days teaching students in Latin, Greek and Hebrew; and if the week blue eyes and holy smile of his motherless daughter, Mary, did occasionally cause some of his students to study his Lexicon upside down, it was not the good minister's fault.

Certainly, to have watched Mary as she presided over the quiet household at the parsonage, or in the twilight by her father's side, reading in her low, tender voice from the word of God, or in the gloomy old church on Sunday, standing beside the chorister, singing the hymns her father read so well, was considered by the young men of the parish as ample provocation for worshipping her—loving could not at all express their devotion.

Mary gave them all the kind greeting of a sister, but that was all; she had rather ride over the hills with her kind old father, in his little pony chair, or sit silently near him with her sewing while he prepared his sermons, than go to the smart rides and merry-makings with the village coœurs. So she said and acted, though perhaps her heart did beat a little quicker, and her cheek grow a little warmer when the brisk step and the clear, musical voice of young Neal Percy came, upon her ear. But she had lived side by side with Neal all her days—had cracked nuts and told stories with him in the ample chimney-corner, in the long winter evenings, ever since she could remember—had mourned and scolded with him over the unmanageable French verbs, and read Latin with him out of the same book.

But when childhood passed away, and womanhood came with its news thoughts and hopes, she still found herself Neal's chosen companion, and almost as a matter of course, they were betrothed—he receiving the pleased congratulations of his aristocratic parents, and she the kind and tearful blessing of her dear father.

"Mary, my darling, I have a letter here which tells me the orphan daughter of my late friend, James Grove, is coming to pay us a long visit. You will be glad to have a companion, and, as he has always lived in the city, she may amuse and instruct you. As she is now an orphan, please remember—had mourned and scolded with him over the unmanageable French verbs, and read Latin with him out of the same book.

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around her, she would suddenly start in a cold perspiration from the light embrace, as from the coil of a serpent.

Neal was their constant companion, and from the first, Louise had assumed an air of playful freedom with him, which made Mary still more quiet and reserved than ever. She wished not to be so; but her heart was sad, and she could not help it; so, to drive away the growing pain at her heart, she planned little pleasant excursions to the mountains or on the lake, to pass away the summer and to make Louise's visit as agreeable as possible. Still, as the days fled on, she went with a less and less light heart about her daily tasks—and stole often to sit by her father's side, in the old library, and all could see that her cheek was pale and her eyes heavy.

"Oh, Mary, I have got such a funny thing to tell you!" said Louise, bursting into the library one afternoon, after returning from a horseback ride with Neal, "some one at the village told me that you and Neal were engaged, which, you know, was the most unlikely thing; and so to day I told him of it, and you can't imagine how he shouted, and we had such a gay tangle over the credulity of villagers."

"Did you—did you, indeed?" said Mary, as, trembling and ash pale, she grasped the arm of her father's chair for support.

"Did young Percy say he was not engaged to my daughter?" said Mr. Deane, suddenly rising from his chair as he passed him around Mary's waist.

"Certainly, my dear sir; but you seem very much surprised, and, by Mary's looks, I think perhaps she might have had some interest in the silly gossip," said the mischievous creature, her real character for the first time shining out of her eyes; and, quietly, humming an air, she seated herself in the sunshine by the window, and Mr. Deane led him almost death-struck child from the room.

"Mary, my darling, look up once more; let not the floods overwhelm thee," said he, with sweet solemnity, as he held her in his arms. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and that blameless life is evidence that thy heavenly Father must love thee;—Mary caught her up, and shaking Louise not very gently, demanded to know what ailed Ellen.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," mumbled she, only I spit some tartaric acid in her eyes a little while ago, and she screamed herself to sleep."

"Inhuman monster!" cried Mary, as she tore the bandage from the frightened inflamed and swollen eyes. "God of Mercy, what shall I do? Wretched, wretched woman, tell me what to do!"

But she appealed in vain, for Louise only partly whispered out, "give—me—me—some—brandy."

Mary took the now moaning child from the room. On the stairs she encountered Neal, and, pointing to the dreadful spectacle in her arms, bade him send for a physician.

Neal's agony was fearful to behold; and bitter were the imprecations he uttered, as he strode up and down the room, while Dr. Boyd examined the eyes of his child. Mary wept silently as she held the little sufferer, and when its eyes were bandaged, she merely said:—

"Well, Dr. Boyd!"

"Blind! blind for life!" answered he, solemnly and Neal wept aloud.

Louise's downward course was rapid as it was terrible; her beauty fled, and her once graceful form changed to one of coarse and vile proportions; and in four short years from her bridal day, she destroyed herself in a fit of *mania a potu*!"

This is a true story. Would to Heaven it were a fiction. But such stories will always be true, until beautiful and gentle woman will scornfully disown them—everywhere, the use of wine.

And now the noble and pure Mary Deane, merrily laying to heart the lessons of the sorrowful past, has regained her own place in the reverent affection of Neal Percy, who worships her as the sun of his calm, domestic life. To Ellen she is eyes, and hands, and feet; and, in compensation for the lost eyes of her body, the tender care and wise, religious counsels of her step-mother have developed her spiritual perceptions, so that she is never weary, never impatient with her fate, but calmly and joyfully passes along toward the fairer, more real existence, where darkness shall end at her feet, as she was often sick and unable to leave her room.

"Mary, you look pale-to-day; allow me to give you a glass of wine. Come, the sparkling Amontillado will give you a fine glow," said Mrs. Percy, one day, as they were seated in the luxurious dressing room.

"No, you must excuse me from ever taking wine with you, Louise."

"Excuse you, indeed! And you expect not to wake, or furnish it for your guests?"

"Yes, certainly, or not go into fashion society at all."

"Well, let me tell you, you might as well undertake to breathe in an exhausted receiver, as to be really gentle, if you eat wine," returned her friend, at the same time emptying her own glass.

"Do you drink wine every day, Louise?"

"Certainly, my pale beauty."

"It will kill you, soul and body!"

"Ha! I a little moralist, can you sit to me with Neal on that; by the way, have you seen him since you came to the city?"

"No."

"That is strange; but he is forever at his farm in S—. Now tell me, Mary, if it was true that you went into a raging delirium the morning after I was married? I have heard so," said she, heartlessly, as she went to the side-board and tossed off another glass.

An instant flushed reddened Mary's cheek as she answered:—

"No, it was not true; I was sick, but not delirious."

"But you loved Neal—I always knew that. Oh, how jealous you were?" said she, laughing. "Tell me now, did Neal ever love you?"

"No," said Mary, trembling with insulted delicacy. "I now can see, that if he loves you, he never could have loved me; but if you please, we will change so unprofitable a subject as this." And she turned to caress the little Ellen, who was just brought in by the nurse. "Why, bless me, Louise, when all the child's face and arm?"

"It is situated on the Gulf of Jeddo, on the southeast coast of the Island of Nippon, in lat. 35 deg., 40 min. N., long. 139 deg., 40 min. E. Its population is stated to be 1,500,000. The city is said to be enclosed by a trench, and intersected by numerous canals and branches of a river, navigable for vessels of moderate burden.—It has a fortified palace with very extensive ground, many noble residences, ornate externally with sculptures and painting, some large temples and other public edifices, and numerous conventional establishments; but its dwellings are mostly of wood, and it suffers frequently from destructive fires. The imperial library is said to contain 150,000 volumes. The Dutch have had a commercial mission at Jeddo, and both the Americans and the British have recently concluded treaties from which important results may be expected. Outside, the city has two large suburbs."

"Please, Miss Deane, it was not me; it was not us," said Jane, now fairly crying and hastening from the room.

"Mercy! what a scene about a slight burn!" said Louise, petulantly. "If you must know, she was lying upon my knee, and rolled off against the coal grate."

"It is burn, Miss Deane; but it is getting better, and Dr. Boyd says it will not scar."

"Why, Jane, how could you be so careless?"

"I always addressed Mary as 'thine and thou,' when he was more than usually moved; but what was there in the announcement of an expected visitor which should bring gloom to either of them? A presentiment—such as every one has had of the future—was born in her heart, and she quailed with the apprehension of the inaccuracy of the unerring soothsayer, which, if impulsive trust, will never mislead."

Louise had become domesticated at the parsonage, and life there had settled down into nearly its old routine of sober contentment. She expressed herself delighted with everybody and everything, and it is certain that she possessed the rare faculty of making every one delighted with her. Mary loved and petted her, and took delight in adoring her to the best advantage, for she was as unselfishly proud of Louise's beauty as though she were her; but still, at times, that cold, first presentiment would haunt her; and often, at night, when she lay with Louise's white, soft arm

Ellen away from her, and, in a fit of stupor, had let her in the fire.

For little Ellen's sake, Mary determined to watch over the wretched mother; but it was an unpleasant task to one of her mind and high sense of rectitude, for now, Louise, when not under the excitement of company, or balls, or operas, was in a state of pitiable stupidity.

Mary understood, from something that Jane let fall that Mr. Percy had forbidden any wine or brandy in the house, but she was never at loss to obtain the means of self-destruction. Mary found her one day blistered up in bed, her eyes red and glowing as live coals, her hand trembling, and her voice a cross between a whine and a mumble. She begged Mary to bring her a bottle she would find in her closet, saying she wanted the medicine in it to quiet her nerves.

"What is in the bottle?" said Mary, as she gave it to her.

"Nothing but valerian," said she, as she drained it to the bottom.

"Why, how dare you take medicine in that way? You will poison yourself to death some day," said Mary.

"I am used to it," returned she, handing back the bottle.

Mary now perceived that the medicine was brandy! Faint and sickened at this evidence of her career, she burst into tears and begged Louise, by every argument of which she was mistress, to cease this brutalizing habit before it became too strong for reason.

"Too strong for reason!" sneered the other. "I know what I can bear, and I bid you take heed how you insult me; you never saw me intoxicated!" And her large black eyes looked perfectly fiendish, and her small, high bred features purple and disgusting from the effect of the dose just swallowed.

She sunk back on the pillow, and Mary, for the first time, discovered little Ellen lying beside her in the bed, in a sort of spasmodic slumber; her face was pale, and her handkerchief was bound over her eyes.

"Inhuman monster!" cried Mary, as she tore the bandage from the frightened inflamed and swollen eyes. "God of Mercy, what shall I do? Wretched, wretched woman, tell me what to do?"

But she appealed in vain, for Louise only wanted to have the name of the place where she had been born.

"I am a colored woman used to sit in one corner of the gallery on the Sabbath, and single out some young man, as he came in at the door, and pray for him, till she saw him come forward to join the church. Then she dropped him, and singled out another and prayed for him in like manner, till she witnessed a similar result. Then she dropped him, and took a third, and so on, till at the end of twenty years she had seen twenty young men join themselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant: young men with whom she had no personal acquaintance whatever. This fact was disclosed to her pastor on her deathbed.

NEAR CROSS NO. CROWN.—Coleridge remarked that the temper of the present age inclines it to every kind of enterprising indulgence. Men appear to think the Christian armour an unnecessary encumbrance, they have no desire to engage in any combat, to undergo any trial; if religion is to be cultivated, it must be an one of the fine arts, as an element of belles lettres; they forget or despise the saying of Bishop Patrick, that there is no passage to celestial glory but by some Cross; that we must suffer with Christ as well as confess him, it would be with him in paradise.

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